

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

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THE GOD OF REVIVAL LIVES TODAY!

By Evangelist Leslie Greening
13, Wollaston Rd., Dorchester, Dorset, England

"Son of Man, can these bones live?"—Ezek. 37:3.

(Read Ezekiel Ch. 37. v. 1-14.)

Many have been blessed in my own beloved country as I have sought, with the help of God, to bring before them the encouraging message of this wonderful chapter, and as I watch with great interest, and much prayer, the progress of the Gospel in the great country of America (many of whose early settlers went out from my native town of Dorchester) I trust that, through the pages of the SWORD OF THE LORD, others will be helped afresh as they read in these lines that THE

GOD OF REVIVAL LIVES TODAY!

May I call your attention, therefore, for a few moments, to the wonderful vision that was given to Ezekiel the prophet on the occasion of which we read in this 37th chapter of his remarkable prophecies.

Under the divine constraint of the blessed Spirit of God, Ezekiel is led out into the midst of a valley which seems to have been at some former period, the scene of a great battle.

I have often been accused of having too vivid an imagination (what preacher would be of any use without one!), but it doesn't require a very active mind to picture the opposing armies charging down the mountain slopes on either side and entering into a fierce hand-to-hand conflict in the valley that lay between.

Not a sound is heard now, however, as Ezekiel looks out on a scene of desolation and death, for, to his amazement, he discovers that the valley is full of dry bones scattered in confusion over the face of the ground.

There was a time when the

80,000 Copies of
THE SWORD OF THE LORD
Printed this issue



Evangelist Leslie Greening

COMPASSION FOR THE CROWD

By F. B. Meyer

"Then Jesus called his disciples unto him, and said, I have compassion on the multitude." (My heart yearns over this mass of people.—Dr. Weymouth).—Matt. 15:32.

This feeding of the four thousand men is, of course, quite distinct from the other feeding, which had taken place previously, of the five thousand. There are many points of dissimilarity between these two banquets. We will not stay, however, to characterize them; but simply notice that each of the great epochs of our Saviour's ministry closed with a banquet.

In Matthew 14, He closed His ministry in Galilee, where His home had been, by feeding the people from the five barley loaves and two small fishes, of which all of them partook. He closed His ministry amongst the heathen of Decapolis (which began with that wonderful story of the Canaanitish woman, who extorted deliverance for her child from hands that seemed unwilling to bless), by giving this banquet to the Gentiles, of which four thousand men, besides women and children, partook. The last six months of His ministry closed with another banquet of bread and wine given to His own inner circle, preparatory to His giving His flesh and blood for mankind. The first to the Galileans, the second to the heathen, the third to His own inner circle before He died.

These two feasts following so quickly one on the other, accentuated the lesson and thought which He desired to teach, that His disciples were to stand between Him and the great world. When a man speaks to you for the first time, you are not always aware that he addresses you, but when he accosts you a second time, you give

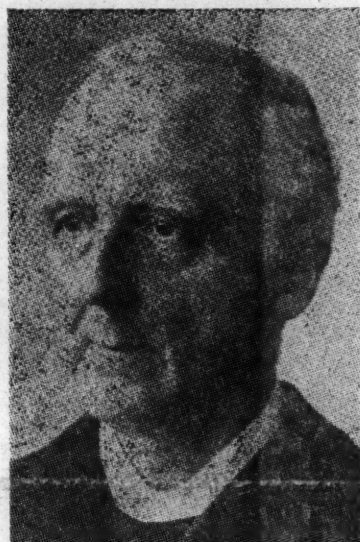
heed. It was not sufficient for Christ to work one miracle, because the disciples might not have heeded. He wished to teach them that they were to stand between Him and the vast crowds of hungry men, and that they were to distribute the bread received from His hands. This is the position that the church occupies, between Jesus Christ and the vast mass of dying men. It seems as though the very pity of Jesus, the infinite compassion of His divine heart, broken today as ever, will be futile unless His disciples are called to His bosom and infused with His own feelings, that they may go forth from His very heart to do for men what He cannot do. His hands seem tied by some great restraint, and the church is the only medium through which the love of God can directly touch and save men. If we will not come to His heart to be infused with His compassion, if we will

not receive the loaves broken by His tender touch, then the crowds will go unhelped and unhealed, or He must call unto His assistance some others than ourselves.

Christ and the Father

"He went up into a mountain, and sat." He waited in meditation and rest, in the divine communion

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F. B. Meyer

"REFUGE FAILED ME; NO MAN CARED FOR MY SOUL"

—Psalm 142:4

By the Editor

One of the most tragic facts in the world is that Christians do not care as they ought to for the salvation of sinners. Christians do not try as they ought to, to win back the backslider, to build up the weak Christian, to help the tempted.

When I taught in a Christian junior college, after I became conscious of careless neglect on my part, it was my privilege to win the president of the senior class to Christ. He made the highest grades in school, was from a Christian home, chose a Christian college, elected courses in Bible, yet was unsaved. After I won him to Christ, he wept and said, "Nobody cared whether I was saved or not!" What a sinful neglect on the part of Christians that they do not care.

Mrs. Rice and I went to see an unsaved woman who attended Sunday School and preaching services every Sunday, whose next-door neighbor was a preacher, who constantly rubbed elbows with missionaries and Christian workers. We found that she read the Bible every day and prayed, but was not saved. "I have done everything I know to do," she said. "I am not saved because I don't know how!" She trusted Christ the moment I showed her from the Bible how to be saved. What a sin for Christians to live with unsaved people all around them, troubled people, hungry-hearted people, and never feel any responsibility for getting them the gospel!

I knew a saved man who had become backslidden and was overcome with the drink habit. When I urged that he come back to Christ, and take his place in the church again, he wept and said that Christians didn't believe in him and didn't care, that no one ever tried to stand by him, no one ever warned him. He did not know that a single Christian prayed for him.

I believe that this irresponsibility of Christians, who feel no burden to helping weak Christians and no burden for getting the gospel to lost people, hinder the cause of Christ more than any other single thing. This apathy, this indifference, this neglect of opportunities to help others be saved or help others grow into Christian victory and usefulness is a sin that every reader ought to face honestly and confess and renounce. This would be one of the best New Year's resolutions any Christian could make: "I am my brother's keeper. I will not deny it like Cain the murderer. I am responsible for what happens to my kinspeople, my neighbors, my acquaintances. I will do my part to win them to Jesus and to help them grow as Christians."

This Burden for Others Is Our Reason for THE SWORD OF THE LORD

As editor, let me open my heart to you readers. I know I am my brother's keeper. Like Paul, I am

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"There Is No Difference"

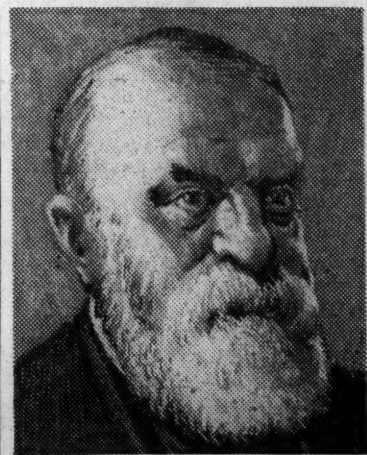
By Evangelist D. L. Moody

"...there is no difference: For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."—Rom. 3:22, 23.

That is one of the hardest truths man has to learn. We are apt to think that we are just a little better than our neighbors, and if we find they are a little better than ourselves, we go to work and try to pull them down to our level. If you want to find out who and what man is, go to the third chapter of Romans, and there the whole story is told. "There is none righteous, no, not one." "All have sinned and come short." All! Some men like to have their lives written before they die. If you would like to read your biography, turn to this chapter, and you will find it already written.

I can imagine some one saying, "I wonder if he really pretends to say that 'there is no difference'." The teetotaler asks, "Am I no better than the drunkard?" Well, I want to say right here that it is a good deal better to be temperate than intemperate; a good deal better to be honest than dishonest; it is better for a man even in this life to be upright in all his transactions than to cheat right and left. But when it comes to the great question of salvation, that does not touch the question at all, because "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Men are all bad by nature; the old Adam stock is bad, and we cannot bring forth good fruit until we are grafted into the one True Vine. If I have an orchard, and two apple trees in it, which both bear some bitter

apples, perfectly worthless, does it make any difference to me that the one tree has got perhaps five hundred apples, all bad, and the other only two, both bad? There is no difference. One tree has more fruit than the other, but it is all bad. So it is with man. One thinks he has got only one or two very little sins—God won't notice them; while another man has broken every one of the ten commandments! No matter, there is no difference; they are both guilty; they have both broken the law. The law demands complete and perfect fulfillment, and if you cannot do that, you are lost, as far as the law is concerned. "Who-soever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."



D. L. Moody

If You Have Broken One Commandment, You are Guilty of All

Suppose you were to hang up a man to the roof with a chain of ten links; if one were to break, does it matter that the other nine are all sound and whole? Not the least. One link breaks, and down comes the man. But is it not rather hard that he should fall when the other nine are perfect and only one is broken? Why, of course not; if one is broken, it is just the same to the man as if all had been broken; he falls. So the man who breaks one commandment is guilty of all. He is a criminal in God's sight. Look at yonder prison, with its thousand victims. Some are there for murder, some for stealing, some for forgery, some for one thing and some for another. You may classify them, but every man is a criminal. They have all broken the law, and they are all paying

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The God of Revival Lives Today

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peaceful silence of that valley had been broken by the cries of wounded and dying men, by the excited shouts of the victors, and by the clash of arms; as warrior fought with warrior. But when the noise of war ceased, the dead who had fallen in battle had been left unburied just as they fell.

Here you would probably have seen a skull still lying in a broken helmet; over there you would very likely have seen a skeleton with its bony fingers still holding the handle of a rusty sword.

Long years of exposure to the sun and wind had bleached those bones white and dry, whilst rain after rain had succeeded in washing them of any particle of flesh which the birds of the air might have left upon them.

Such was the unforgettable sight that met Ezekiel's gaze as he looked out upon that valley of which we are speaking—the Valley of the Dead!

Nowhere was there a single sign or sound of life—just the echo of his own footsteps as he passed in and out amongst those bleaching bones.

But as the lonely prophet stood there amidst the dead, reflecting on the strange sight before him, he was suddenly arrested by a voice that came from the skies; a voice that made him start; as it brought to him the remarkable question of our text: "Son of Man, can these bones live?" "Ezekiel," says God in other words, "do you think it is possible for life to be restored to these bones, from which all signs of life have long since departed? Do you think there is any power capable of accomplishing such a miraculous task?"

I suppose Ezekiel's first instinct must have been to say, "No" at once—the thing seemed to be so utterly impossible. But though it was indeed impossible, humanly speaking, the prophet knew something of the power of Him who spake, and lest he should seem to be limiting the One with whom all things are possible, he answers wisely, "O Lord God, thou knowest." He says in effect, "It rests entirely with Thee, Lord. No human power is able to perform this hopeless task. They cannot live except Thou hast purposed to put life into them. Then, and only then, does the impossible become capable of fulfillment—O Lord God thou knowest."

And then God begins to unfold His plan to the astonished prophet. Ezekiel is bidden to prophesy unto the bones and to say unto them, "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord." "Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones: Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live: And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord."

Immediately the prophet proceeds to obey the strange command of God, and immediately there comes a fulfillment of the divine promise. As Ezekiel stood up in the midst of those bones and began to proclaim to that peculiar congregation the glorious promise of life from the hands of God, there was at once a commotion among them, and under divine direction, the scattered bones came together—not one missing its way, not one missing its place, but joining up in perfect unity to form again the same body of which they were once a part.

As Ezekiel saw this response to his message, he continued to prophesy with increased vigour the Word of the Lord, and now he sees sinews and flesh coming by degrees upon the bones and finally

skin covering them in every instance; so that instead of a valley full of bones he now sees in its place a valley full of bodies—but the one great essential was still lacking; there was no breath in them, they were still lifeless.

But once again God is heard speaking to the prophet, and this time he is bidden to prophesy to the wind: "Prophecy unto the wind . . . and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God: Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live."

Once more Ezekiel obeys unhesitatingly the divine command, and as he prophesies the second time there comes from Heaven, in answer to his prayer, a mighty life-giving breath which sweeps down the valley, and as it passes, enters into those lifeless bodies, till man after man springs to his feet, not only living men, but men who are prepared for service—an exceedingly great army.

After God has been at work, the valley which Ezekiel saw in the first place covered with ghastly skeletons is now crowded with a mighty army, ready, if needs be, for battle for war.

We are distinctly told in verses 11 to 14 what the primary meaning of this strange vision is—we see at once that it is a graphic word picture of the future restoration of Israel in their own land as a great and powerful nation. Scattered throughout the world for centuries as a result of their rejection of the Messiah, and possessing no national life, they are yet to be brought back to the land of promise, and there, in the purpose of God, the time will come when "a nation shall be born in a day."

But I want to leave its primary meaning now, dear friends, and use it as an illustration of the fact which heads this message, namely, that "THE GOD OF REVIVAL LIVES TODAY"! In other words, I see in this vision the God of

Dr. Bob Jones Says:

I quote a letter which I received during the Christmas holidays and which was written by a good Christian woman who lives in Georgia. This is what she says:

"I was so anxious that the Lord would give me enough money for Christmas so that I could send you an offering; so the few relatives I have gave me some money and some groceries, and I won't have to buy anything for sometime. I can send this small offering. The greatest thrill of my life is the fact that there are so many young men studying for the ministry who will be real ministers of the Gospel. We have so few now. It never fails to overwhelm me every night as I pray for them when I think that you have a thousand of them at Bob Jones University. I do hope that those who have money will send in enough so every one who wants to go to Bob Jones University can do so. So I am enclosing \$5.00. Will send more as soon as I can."

A man would have to have a heart of stone not to be moved by a letter of this kind. The older I get and the more I know God's people, the greater appreciation I have of the saints of God who do not have much money to invest but who give so gladly to the cause of

the Lord Jesus Christ. God knows that this good woman, if she could, would give us all that we need for the Bob Jones University Student Loan Endowment Fund. So in the sight of God, she may be one of the most generous Christians that ever lived in the world. What we would do if we could do for God, God reckons that we have done it. We are passing this letter on to you Christian friends and asking all of you to let this letter be our appeal to you to send a contribution to our Student Loan Endowment Fund. Make a large gift if you can, but *make some gift*. Remember we are making an unselfish appeal. We are simply asking you to help us help young people, who must have help if they get a Christian education, so they can get this training at Bob Jones University and go out from this school well-trained, consecrated, Spirit-led soul winners. Whatever the Lord leads you to do will be greatly appreciated. I just feel in my heart that after you read the letter we have quoted to you, you will feel like making a contribution of some amount. Thank you in advance, and God bless you.

BOB JONES, Founder
Bob Jones University
Greenville, S. C.

(Advertisement)

revival at work in His mighty converting and regenerating power, and in this connection beg leave to call your attention to four striking truths which I find clearly outlined in this wonderful incident:

1. The Condition of the Unsaved Multitudes

It is just such a scene as Ezekiel saw when he was carried by the Spirit into the valley of this vision that God Himself sees as He looks out on the world around us; as He looks out on my beloved

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Compassion for the Crowd

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which prepared Him for three successive days to pour out heavenly virtue. He had always known that He must die and be lifted up; and the near approach of His death began to occupy Him. He was nearing the mountain of transfiguration, on which He would definitely turn His back on the glory, and His face towards Calvary, and it was beginning to exert a powerful influence upon His soul.

He recognized that He had come down from Heaven, not to do His own will, but the will of the Father that sent Him (John 6:38). As man, He was conscious of the presence of His own will, but He was entirely subordinated to the overmastering movement of His Father's will, and desired nothing less than, as that will was done in Heaven, so it should be wrought out through Him on earth, even though it meant the cross and shame.

He realized that the Father had sealed Him with the Holy Spirit (John 6:27). Just as of old the victims that were to be offered for sacrifice in the temple passed under the careful scrutiny of the priest, and then were sealed as fit for offering on account of the sins of the people, so had He been searched and shown to be blameless and harmless, without spot or stain.

He knew that it was necessary for Him to be broken, as the bread which was crumbling in His hand, that His flesh was to be given for the life of the world, and that men would be required to eat of that flesh and drink of that blood (John 6:53).

But amid all these conflicting thoughts, He was sustained by His absorbing passion for men. God's love is for the world, and it is they who enter closest into fellowship with Him for men, who are most willing to face obloquy, shame, and scorn, the spear and the thorn crown. The fountains of pity rise in the hills of communion with the eternal Father.

Think of all those who have been most eager for the salvation

of others, of Henry Martyn and James Gilmour, and David Brainerd and W. C. Burns, of D. L. Moody and Bishop Patteson—each of them has left an enduring record as a man of prayer, who walked with God, and to whom the yearning pity of God was communicated.

If the church would share in the compassion of Christ for the multitude, she must be willing to obey His call, to ascend into the mountain where Jesus summons His own into still more intimate fellowship, as He says: "I have compassion on the multitude."

Christ and the Crowds

There was an infinite attractiveness about Christ. There was no need to spend money on advertising the place where He was to be found. The crowds found Him out, as bees discover flowers, and children detect the one person in the room who will give them welcome. Our incompleteness will be naturally attracted to Him who can alone complete us. Disease will always discover health; thirst, the fountain; hunger, food.

Our Lord kept His doors open day and night. When, therefore, the great crowds came to Him, bringing with them so many lame, maimed, blind, dumb, and others, that it took three days before they were all healed, they found an open welcome. He left His heavenly reveries, welcomed them as a host, and provided a rare banquet on the mountain grass. The more grievous their physical ailments, the readier His welcome, the more tender His pity.

What a marvelous contrast there is between Christ and Ahasuerus, of whom it is recorded that no man might come into the king's palace who had sackcloth on him (Esther 4:2). That is the way with the world's magnates. If there is moaning on the sea bar which tells of tempests sweeping the ocean, they hang heavier curtains over their windows to keep out the sound; if there is some unusual distress filling the newspapers with stories of want

and woe, they request that these passages may be blotted out. All that is distasteful must be covered with whitewash, the roads must be gravelled, the air filled with fragrant perfume, and kept radiant with adulation and flattery. The maimed, halt, sick, and blind are conscious that they can expect little help when their sackcloth is irksome to behold.

We are all tempted to go into our gardens, walk quietly among the flowers, sit in grottos sheltered from the heat, listening to the music of the fountains, or lie full stretched on the grass, gazing into the infinite blue above, and say, "What a beautiful world!" But we refuse to look beyond the high walls, or heed the cry of little children being done to moral death, of boys and girls who are being sold into sin, and of the corruption in which the world lies. It may be well that we have the power of evading these sights and sounds, else human life would be insupportable; but Jesus Christ did not shrink from what must have cost Him soul-travail when He said: "I have compassion on the crowds."

The compassion of Christ was so infinitely attractive to people because He never dealt with them in a mass, but always with distinct individuals. Nothing hurts our philanthropy so much as the habit of classing men together under certain great divisions, and dealing with all members of a class on the same principle. In this way our finer feelings become deadened. We look at the forest; Christ knows every tree, nay, each branch and twig. We view the crowds as Xerxes did from the eminence of his throne; Christ is familiar with the bitter story of each human life, its tragedy and comedy, its hope and fear, its temptations and burdens, down-sittings and uprisings.

We read in the newspapers that eight or ten thousand men have fallen in a single battle, but Christ knows how each man fell, the havoc the news brought into the home circle, and the bitter tears for one whose step would never be heard returning along the garden path. The woman that was a sinner, Nicodemus, Zachaeus, were all distinct subjects of His thought.

The fountains of compassion would begin to rise in each heart, if we would begin to individualize the need of men, thinking not of the lame, but of the one lame man; not of the blind, but of one sunless face; not of the dumb, but of the one man whose tongue was locked; not of the flock, but of the one sheep which has wandered from the fold, and is in danger. Remember that the one lost sheep attracted the Shepherd, the one lost money-piece incited the woman's search, the one lost child returning filled the father's home with mirth.

Christ and His Disciples

"He called his disciples unto him, and said, I have compassion." Then He sent them to see how many loaves they had. He is always bringing us face to face with our inadequate supplies. He cannot do without our contribution. He will not work a needless miracle; in some marvelous way He is dependent upon us for our co-operation. He must have our hands to fill them with fish, our water to turn into wine, our fishing tackle to catch the fish in whose mouth the money for the taxes will be found.

It would be as easy, apparently, for Him to feed the four thousand by turning stones into food, or by the direct creation of bread without any previous provision. But no, this will not do; He must have such loaves as we have. Small and poor though they be, they are a necessary link in the chain of His Providence. But we must not be allowed to think ourselves necessary for the execution of His great plans, lest we become inflated with our own importance. He uses us lest we become dispirited. He sends us to see how many loaves we have, that we may not become proud. Only seven loaves and a few small fishes! What are they in the presence of this great need?

Let us look at the crowds, until we are filled with a deep compassion for them; then let us look at our slender supplies, till we are driven to Him who alone can make them sufficient. Let us lay ourselves at His feet, confessing that He must touch us with that wonderful hand of His, or it is useless to think of meeting the clamant need of the perishing multitudes.

"He Gave to the Disciples"

We may be sure that the Master will never leave us to face the multitudes by ourselves. We have been brought in contact with them because of our association with Him, and He will supply us with a sufficiency for all their need, if only we will abide in Him and draw on Him as we require.

Our mistake is that we so often endeavor to supply bread of our own making. By hard study, by severe mental discipline, by using the thoughts of others, we seek to minister to the souls committed to our charge; and we only pass muster with them because they are so drugged with the sedatives of pleasure, money-making, and self-indulgence, as to be dead to their true needs. But let their souls awake, and they would sweep past us, with the awful cry, which has so often betokened a revolution: "Bread; bread! Give us bread!"

Our Lord is not only the giver of the bread, but he is Bread, the Living Bread which came down from Heaven. He brake the bread, as on the cross His heart was broken, and it is this aspect of Jesus that men need. When we are conscious of acceptance with God and desire power for all the calls and opportunities of life, we must deal with the Risen Living One.

But when we are conscious of sin, needing forgiveness and peace, when the bread-hunger gnaws within, when we are broken by disappointment and failure, then we need Him of the crown and thorns, of the nail and spear. We cannot be grafted into Christ, save in His wounds. "This," says He, "is my body which is given [broken] for you."

"And the Disciples to the Multitudes"

Only thus can we keep full-handed. Had the disciples ceased to give, the bread would have ceased to multiply and would have dwindled in their hands.

One condition of increase was diffusion, of multiplication, division. Is not this the reason why some, who are ever hearing the Word, fail to make increase in the life of God? Nothing is given us for ourselves only, but all to impart to others. Only when these are all supplied may we gather up the fragments which are left over, and consider ourselves.

Every new glimpse of truth is given that you may hand it on to others, not only in the first row, but in the rear also, that all may be well satisfied.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

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EVANGELIST JOHN R. RICE

D.D., LITT.D.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

EVANGELIST BILL RICE

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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The God of Revival Lives Today

(Continued from page 2)

Britain; as He looks out on your great America, for every unconverted man and woman, boy and girl, is lying "dead in trespasses and sins." It seems to me, dear friends, that one could scarcely find a more striking picture of the spiritual condition of the unsaved person than that which is furnished us in this chapter, with its vision of a valley full of dry bones.

In some parts of Scripture we find the sinner portrayed as one who is suffering from a terrible **DISEASE**—just as the leper was faced with hopeless despair as he found himself in the grip of an incurable disease that was loathsome and repulsive; so the sinner is suffering from a spiritual malady that no human effort can remove, one that is abhorrent to a holy God and that unfits him for His presence; a disease for which there is no remedy whatever, save the "blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, which cleanseth from all sin." What a graphic portrayal of the sinner is found in the leper, covered from head to foot with a malignant and foul disease, and how gratefully all who have been cleansed and delivered speak of Him "with whose stripes we are healed."

Then again, in other passages, the sinner is described as one who, by reason of his sin, is in a place of distance from God, and who, by reason of that same sin, must be eternally excluded from the presence of God. Perhaps the most striking picture of this terrible result of sin is seen in the history of the prodigal son who turned his back upon his home and his father's love, and "took his journey into a far country." There, in that place of distance and want, he surely portrays the position of the sinner; and in the welcome he received from his Father when he returned, confessing his sin, we surely see a foreshadowing of God's rich, forgiving grace when the sinner comes back to Him in repentance and faith. With such a picture in his mind the apostle writes to those who had thus returned, "Ye, who sometimes were afar off, have been made nigh by the blood of Christ."

But here in this chapter we are reminded of the solemn fact that the sinner is not only suffering from loathsome spiritual disease, not only in a place of alienation and distance from God, but is actually **"DEAD"** in trespasses and sins, and no more capable, in himself, of enjoying God's presence, or responding to God's voice, than the lifeless bones which filled the valley which Ezekiel saw. How true were the words of warning to our first parents in Eden's Garden, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely DIE." And as we realize the terrible fact that, as sinful creatures, we share in that sentence of death, we can understand the force of our Lord's words to Nicodemus: "Ye must be born again." Oh that all might see that if they are unconverted, they are dead towards God, devoid of spiritual life, and under the divine edict, "He that hath not the Son hath not LIFE."

Oh, that it might also be said concerning all who read this message, by God Himself: "Rejoice with me for this, my son, which was dead is alive again, and was lost, and is found." That leads me

to say that I notice also in this chapter:

2. The Commission of the True Evangelist

Ezekiel was bidden to undertake a seemingly hopeless task—he was to proclaim to those lifeless bones the Word of the Lord, with the encouraging assurance that it was God's design and intention to bestow upon them the miracle of life. But before the great Commission is given to His servant, God puts him to the test by saying, "Son of Man, Can these bones live?", for, if Ezekiel believes it to be an impossibility, he will never attempt the task. But the prophet has unlimited confidence in the power of God—if He has purposed to work there is nothing too hard for Him; and so he says: "O Lord God, thou knowest."

How seemingly foolish it was for Ezekiel to address those lifeless bones and expect any result, but in the certain knowledge that God had commissioned him to do it, he performed his task, with the glorious results we have already seen. And we who have been called to evangelistic work, dear brethren, if I mistake not, have been commissioned by God to do exactly the same thing that Ezekiel did. We are bidden to proclaim to men and women who are "dead in trespasses and sins" the wonderful message that God has promised eternal life to as many as believe in His Son. We have the same encouragement held out to us as Ezekiel had, and if only we are as ready to fulfill the command of God as he was, the result will be the same, for **EZEKIEL'S GOD STILL LIVES!** There will be a quickening of the dry bones of Britain and America, and an awakening into life of dead souls throughout the world, for it still "pleases God, through the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe." But every evangelist and Christian worker has first to face this question that Ezekiel faced: "Son of Man, Can these bones live? Is it possible that, through my humble instrumentality, men and women may be awakened from their sleep of sin, and brought 'from death to life?' Alas, humanly speaking, the task is hopeless and utterly impossible, but since God has revealed His desire to save right on to the end of the age and declared His intention of using the gospel message (and nothing else) as a means of the sinner's awakening, then I take up my commission with glad confidence that the miracle which Ezekiel saw can be repeated in every gospel meeting, in every evangelistic campaign, in every Christian periodical and piece of literature that exalts Jesus and preaches salvation through His blood. And when I lose faith in the Gospel as "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," I shall certainly quit preaching, for I can conceive of nothing so hopeless and heart-breaking as to try and proclaim a message in which one has lost all confidence. But looking at the chapter once again, I observe:

3. The Convicting Power of The Inspired Word

As Ezekiel prepares to obey the command of the Lord and proclaims to those dry bones the very words that God had given to him, he was conscious at once that, along with the words he uttered, there was a strange power, a power that caused the very bones to stir and move as he spoke to them, and as he went on to declare his God-given message, he saw a remarkable change come over that hitherto motionless congregation. Under the power that accompanied the Word of God which he was delivering, bone joined to bone, and flesh and sinew and skin came upon them. What a picture of the disturbing and convicting effect of the inspired Word of God! Saul of Tarsus, on his way down to Damascus to persecute the people of God, hears a voice from Heaven saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" And under the power of that divine word, the self-righteous man, who,

up to that moment, had been destitute of all spiritual life and insensible to the claims of Christ, falls to the ground in conviction of sin and breathes out the penitential prayer: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

If it were possible for to see the effect of the Word of God upon the hearts and consciences of those who listen to us, who read our printed messages, methinks we should see something akin to that which Ezekiel saw in this valley: a movement among the dry bones; a stirring of conscience as they begin to realize their eternal danger outside of Christ, an awakening of desire and a longing for the peace which comes through the forgiveness of sins.

Speaking for myself, I would not cross the street or put pen to paper to pass on my "opinions" to the world; but with the encouragement of this great truth, I would travel the world, if God graciously called that way, to proclaim the glorious gospel of redeeming grace to fallen man. Would to God that in this beloved Britain of mine we were allowed the same freedom of the air as you, my brethren, enjoy in America, for, as I ponder on the wonderful adequacy of the gospel to meet the challenge and need of my country, I have often longed to be able to stand before the microphone and tell the whole of Britain the story of the cross.

I know of a world that is sunk in shame,

Where hearts oft faint and tire, But I know of a Name, a wonderful Name,

That can set the world on fire. Its sound is sweet, its letters flame—"TIS JESUS!"

The writer has just received an appealing invitation from a group of evangelical churches in Nigeria to go across from England and carry out an evangelistic tour of that needy country. Whether he be God's man for that particular piece of evangelism or not, of one thing he is confident **THE GOD OF REVIVAL LIVES TODAY!** and the Christ of Calvary's Cross can meet the need of Nigeria, with its ebony-skinned sinners, as well as Britain and America, with their educated pagans. Hallelujah!! Finally, may I ask you to notice in this chapter:

4. The Converting Work of the Holy Spirit

Though there has been a marvelous effect upon the dry bones as a result of Ezekiel's message, and instead of a wild confusion of scattered fragments there is now a valley full of perfectly formed bodies, complete with flesh, sinews and skin; there is still lacking the one vital thing that is essential—the breath of life; and Ezekiel realizes that this is a work that God Himself must do; for He alone has the power to impart either natural or spiritual life. So he is bidden to lift up his eyes to Heaven and call upon the wind of God to breathe upon the slain. He has done his part in delivering God's message, with remarkable results in the stirring into movement of the lifeless bones; now he prays for the impartation of life by God Himself, and as he prays the wind of Heaven blows; and as Ezekiel watches in amazement, the breath came into them and they lived.

What a picture of the converting work of the Holy Spirit. What a change was wrought in that valley by the coming of the wind of God! But no less remarkable a change can be wrought in our ministries today, my brethren, if we, like Ezekiel, learn the great lesson that Dr. Rice and others have constantly sought to emphasize in the pages of the **SWORD OF THE LORD**, and pour out our hearts in earnest supplication to God for the endowment of soul-winning power; the blessed coming of the wind of God, the heavenly life-giving breath.

Since my conversion, as a youth, I have literally devoured every scrap of evangelical literature I could lay my hands upon. (You dear brethren in America have no

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idea how crippled we are in this country through being unable to purchase the helpful revival literature abounding in your land, through the Dollar restriction imposed upon us). And it has left upon me one outstanding conviction, that every man who has counted for God in any age and who has moved his generation in any measure to repentance and faith, has been a man who, like Ezekiel, cried to the wind of Heaven to "breathe upon the slain."

Moody's bells all chimed to the keynote of Calvary, but it was Calvary steeped in Pentecostal power. England's dear old Gipsy Smith strung all his pearls on the crimson cord of the atonement, but it was the burning flame of the Spirit of God that made those pearls shine with heavenly lustre. Spurgeon thundered his great doctrine of vicarious sacrifice into the ears of Peer and peasant alike in this land of mine; but Spurgeon once said the apostles had no power to lead souls to Christ that we might not have, if we were willing to pay the price.

Let me say, therefore, to any reader who may have taken up this paper whilst still "dead in trespasses and sins," you may have been awakened to a sense of your need as a result of reading this message; you may have been stir-

"There is no Difference"

(Continued from page 1)

red with a God-given longing for peace as you have been reminded once again of the offer of forgiveness—the Holy Spirit is waiting now to bring life to your dead spirit the moment you trust in Christ. Simultaneous with the decision of yours will come the inflow of divine life, and for the first time in your history you will begin to live, and the words of the apostle will indeed be true of you, "You hath he quickened, who were in trespasses and sins."

Let me also say, in all humility, to my brethren in the gospel, let us plant our pulpits afresh on Calvary, preach the great redeeming story with renewed confidence in its power to save, and cry ceaselessly to the blessed heavenly wind that the breath of God may be on us, as never before, in this needy age **TILL REVIVAL COMES** to your country and mine, and to all the world.

These things are possible, now as ever, because **"THE GOD OF REVIVALS LIVES TODAY!"**

to understand this clearly, because I believe hundreds and thousands stumble at this point. They try to save themselves by trying to keep the law; but it was never meant for men to save themselves by. The law has never saved a single man since the world began. Men have been trying to keep it, but they have never succeeded, and never will. Ask Paul what it was given for. Here is his answer, "That every mouth might be stopped, and the whole world become guilty before God." In this third chapter of Romans the world has been put on trial, and found guilty. The verdict has been brought in against us all—ministers and elders and church members, just as much as prodigals and drunkards—"All have sinned and come short."

The law stops every man's mouth. God will have a man humble himself down on his face before Him, with not a word to say for himself. Then God will speak to him, when he owns that he is a sinner, and gets rid of his own righteousness. I can always tell a man who has got near the kingdom of God; his mouth is stopped. If you will allow me the expression, God always shuts up a man's lips before He saves him. Job was not saved until he stopped talking about himself. Just see how God deals with him. First of all, He afflicts him, and Job begins to talk about his own goodness. "I delivered the poor," he says, "and the fatherless, and him who had none to help him. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor!" Why, they would have made Job an elder, if there had been elders in those days! He was a wonderfully good man! But now God says, "I'll put a few questions to you. Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me." And Job is down directly; he is ashamed of himself; he cannot boast of his works any more.

(Continued on page 4)

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"There is no Difference"

(Continued from page 3)

"Behold," he cries, "I am vile; what shall I answer Thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth." But he is not low enough yet, perhaps, and God puts a few more questions, "Ah" says Job, "I never understood these things before—I never saw it in that light." He is thoroughly humbled now; he can't help confessing it. "I have heard of Thee by hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Now he has found his right position before God, and now God can talk to him. And God helps him, and raises him up, and gives him the double of all that he had before. The clouds and mist and the darkness around his path are driven away, and light from eternity bursts into his soul when he sees his nothingness in the sight of a pure and holy God.

This, then, is what God gives us the law for—to show us ourselves in our true colors.

I said to my family one morning a few weeks before the Chicago fire, "I am coming home this afternoon to give you a ride." My little boy clapped his hands. "Oh, papa, will you take me to see the bears in Lincoln Park?" "Yes." You know boys are very fond of seeing bears. I had not been gone long when my little boy said, "Mamma, I wish you would get me ready." "Oh," she said, "it will be a long time before papa comes." "But I want to get ready, mamma." At last he was ready to have the ride, face washed, and clothes all nice and clean. "Now, you must take good care and not get yourself dirty again," said mamma. Oh, of course he was going to take care; he wasn't going to get dirty. So off he ran to watch for me. However, it was a long time yet until the afternoon, and after a little he began to play. When I got home, I found him outside, with his face all covered with dirt. "I can't take you to the Park that way, Willie," "Why, papa? you said you would take me." "Ah, but I can't; you're covered with mud. I couldn't be seen with such a dirty little boy." "Why I'm clean, papa; mamma washed me." "Well, you've got dirty since." But he began to cry, and I could not convince him that he was dirty. "I'm clean; mamma washed me!" he cried. Do you think I argued with him? No. I just took him up in my arms, and carried him into the house, and showed him his face in the looking-glass. He had not a word to say. He would not take my word for it, but one look at the glass was enough; he saw it for himself. He didn't say he wasn't dirty after that!

Now the looking-glass showed him that his face was dirty—but I did not take the looking-glass to wash it; of course not. Yet that is just what thousands of people do.

The law is the looking-glass to see ourselves in to show us how vile and worthless we are in the sight of God; but people take the law, and try to wash themselves with it! Man has been trying that for six thousand years, and has miserably failed. *By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight.* Only one Man ever lived on the earth who could say He had kept the law, and that was the Lord Jesus Christ. If he had committed one sin, and come short in the smallest degree, His offering Himself for us would have been useless. But men have tried to do what He did, and have failed. Instead of sheltering under His righteousness, they have offered God their own. And God knew what a miserable failure it would be. "There is none righteous, no not one."

Man Has Always Proved A Failure

I don't care where you put man, everywhere he has been tried he has proved a total failure. He was put in Eden on trial. Some men say they wish they had Adam's chance. If they had, they would go down as quickly as he did. Put five hundred children into a hall, and give them ten thousand toys. Tell them they can run all over the hall, and they can have any-

thing they want except one thing, placed, let us say, in one of the corners of Mr. Sankey's organ. Go out for a little, and do you not think that is the very first place they will go to? Why, nothing else in the room would have any attraction for them but just the thing they were told not to touch. And so let us not think Adam was any worse than ourselves. Adam was put on trial, and Satan walked into Eden. I do not know how long he was there, but I should think he had not been there twenty minutes before he stripped Adam of everything he had. There he is, fresh from the hands of his Creator; Satan comes upon the scene, and presents a temptation, and down he goes. *He was a failure.*

Then God took man into covenant with Him. He said to Abraham, "Look yonder at the stars in the heavens and the sands on the seashore; I will make your seed like those. I will bless thee and multiply thee upon the earth." But what a stupendous failure man was under the covenant! Go back and read about it.

The Israelites are brought out of Egypt, see many signs and wonders, and stand at last at the foot of Mount Sinai. Then God's holy law is given to them. Did they not promise to keep it? "O yes," they cry, "we'll keep the law." To hear them talk you might think it was going to be all right now. But just wait till Joshua and Moses have turned their backs! No sooner have their leaders gone up the mountain to have an interview with God than they begin to say, "We wonder what has become of this man, Moses? we don't know where he has gone to. Come, let us make unto us another god. Aaron, make us a golden calf! Here are the golden ornaments we got from the Egyptians. Come and make us another god!" When it is made, the people raise a great shout, and fall down and worship it. "Hark! listen; what shout is that I hear?" says Moses, as he comes down the mountain side. "Alas," says Joshua, "there's war in the camp; it is the shout of the victor." "Ah no," says Moses, "it isn't the shout of victory or of war, Joshua; it is the cry of idolaters. They have forgotten the God who delivered them from the Egyptians, who led them through the Red Sea, who fed them with bread from heaven—angels' food. They have forgotten their promises to keep the commandments. Already the first two of them are broken, 'no other gods,' 'no graven image.' They've made them another god—a golden god!" And that's what men have been doing ever since.

Men worship the golden calf rather than the God of heaven. Look around you. They bring before it health, and happiness, and peace. "Give me thirty pieces of silver, and I will sell you Christ," is the world's cry today. "Give me fashion, and will sell you Christ!" "I will sacrifice my wife, my children, my life, my all, for a little drink. I will sell my soul for drink! It is easy to blame those Israelites for worshipping the golden calf. But what are we doing ourselves? Ah, man was a failure then, and he has been a failure ever since.

Then God put him under the judges, and wonderful judges they were; but, once more, what a failure he was! After that came the prophets, and what a failure he was under them! Then came the Son Himself from heaven out of the bosom of the Father. He left the throne and came down here to teach us how to live. We took him and murdered Him on Calvary! Man was a failure in Christ's time.

And now we are living under the dispensation of grace—a wonderful dispensation. God is showering down blessings from above. But what is man under grace? A stupendous failure. Look at that man reeling on his way to a drunkard's grave, and his soul going to a drunkard's hell! Look at the wretched harlots on your streets! Look at the profligacy and the pauperism and the loathsome sickness! Look at the vice and crime that festers every-

where, and tell me is it not true that man is a failure under grace?

Yes, man is a failure. I can see down the other side of the millennium. Christ has swayed His scepter over the earth for a thousand years; but man is a failure still, for "when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth. Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle. . . and they compass the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city; and fire came down from God out of heaven and devoured them." What man wants is another nature; he must be born again. What a foolish saying. "Experience teaches." Man has been a long time at that school, and has never learned his lesson yet—his own weakness and inability. He still thinks great things of his own strength. "I am going to stand after this," he says, "I have hit upon the right plan this time. I am able to keep the law now." But the first temptation comes, and he is down. Man will not believe in God's strength. Man will not acknowledge himself a failure, and surrender to Christ to save him from his sins.

Is it not better to find out in this world that we are a failure, and to go to Christ for deliverance, than to sleep on and go down to hell without knowing we are sinners?

This Doctrine That All Are Sinners Alike Is Unpopular

I know this doctrine that we have failed, that we have all sinned and come short, is exceedingly objectionable to the natural man. If I had tried to find out the most disagreeable verse in the whole Bible, perhaps I could not have fastened upon one more universally disliked than "There is no difference."

I can imagine Noah leaving his ark and going off preaching once in a while. As the passers-by stop to listen, there is no sound of the hammer or the plane. Noah has stopped work. He has gone off on a preaching tour, to warn his countrymen. Perhaps he tells them that a great deluge is coming to sweep away all the workers of iniquity; perhaps he warns them that every man who is not in the ark must perish; that there would be no difference. I can imagine one man saying, "You had better go back and finish your work, Noah, rather than come here preaching. You don't think we are going to believe in such nonsense as that! You tell us that all are going to perish alike! Do you really expect us to believe that the kings and governors, the sheriffs and the princes, the rulers, the beggars and thieves and harlots, are all going to be alike lost?" "Yes," says Noah; "the deluge that is coming by and by will take you all away—every man that is not in the ark must die. There will be no difference." Doubtless they thought Noah had gone raving mad. But did not the flood come and take them all away? Princes and paupers, and knaves and kings—was there any difference? No difference.

When the destroying angel was about to pass through Egypt, no doubt the haughty Egyptian laughed at the poor Israelite putting the blood on his door-post and lintel. "What a foolish notion," he would say, derisively; "the very idea of sprinkling blood on a door-post! If there were anything coming, that would never keep it away. I don't believe there is any death coming at all; and if it did, it might touch these poor people, but it would certainly never come near us." But when the night came, there was no difference. The king in his palace, the captive in his prison, the beggar by the wayside—they were all alike. Into every house the king of terrors had come, and there was universal mourning in the land. In the home of the poor and the lowly, in the home of the prince and the noble, in the home of governor and ruler, the eldest son lay dead. Only the poor Israelites escaped who had the blood on the door-post and lintel. And when God comes to us in judgment, if we are not in



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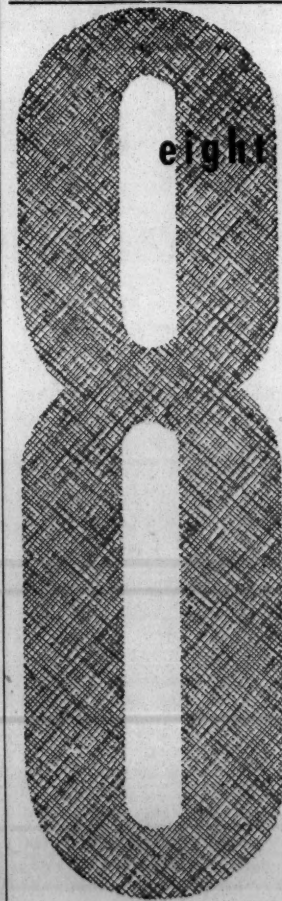
Christ all will be alike. Learned or unlearned, high or low, priest or scribe—there will be no difference.

Once more, I can imagine Abraham going down from the hills to Sodom. He stands up, let us say, at the corners of the streets, before Sodom was destroyed—"Ye men of Sodom, I have a message from my God to you." The people stand and look at the old man—you can see his white locks as the wind sweeps through them. "I have a warning for you," he cries; "God is going to destroy the five cities of the plain, and every man who does not escape to yonder mountain must perish. When He comes to deal in judgment with you there will be no difference; every man must die. The Lord Mayor, the princes, the chief men, the mighty men, the judges, the treasurers—all must perish. The thief and the vagabond, and the drunkard—yes, all must perish alike. There can be 'no difference.'" But these Sodomites answer, "You had better go back to your tent on the hills, Abraham. We don't believe a word of it. Sodom was never so prosperous. Business was never so flourishing as now. The sun never shone any brighter than it does today. The lambs are skipping on the hills, and everything moving on as it has done for centuries. Don't preach

that stuff to us; we don't believe it." A few hours pass, and Sodom is in ashes! Did God make any difference among those who would not believe? No, God never utters any opinion; what He says is truth. "All have sinned and come short," He cries, "and there is no difference." I read of a deluge of fire that is going to roll over this earth, and when God comes to deal in judgment, there will be no difference, and every man who is out of Christ must perish.

It was my sad lot to be in the Chicago fire. As the flames rolled down our streets, destroying everything in their onward march, I saw the great and the honorable, the learned and the wise, fleeing before the fire with the beggar and the thief and the harlot. All were alike. As the flames swept through the city it was like the judgment day. Neither the mayor, nor the mighty men, nor the wise men could stop those flames. They were all on a level then, and many who were worth hundreds of thousands were left paupers that night. When the day of judgment comes there will be no difference. When the deluge came there was no difference; Noah's ark was worth more than all the world. The day before, it was the world's laughing stock and if it had been put up to done for centuries. Don't preach

(Continued on page 5)



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"There is no Difference"

(Continued from page 4)

anybody to buy it except for firewood. But the deluge came, and then it was worth more than all the world together. And when the day of judgment comes, Christ will be worth more than all this world, more than ten thousand worlds. And if it was a terrible thing in the days of Noah to die outside the ark, it will be far more terrible for us to go down in our sins to a Christless grave.

We Are All Sinners Alike

Now I hope that you have seen what I have been trying to prove—that we are all sinners alike. I should like to use another illustration or two. I should like to make this truth so plain that a child might know it.

In the olden times in England, we are told, they used to have a game of firing arrows through a ring on the top of a pole. The man that failed to get all his arrows through the ring was called a "sinner." Now I should like for a moment to take up that illustration. Suppose our pole to be up in the gallery, and on the top of it the ring. I have got ten arrows, let us say, and Mr. Sankey has got another ten. I take up the first arrow, and take a good aim. Alas! I miss the mark. Therefore I am a "sinner." "But," I say, "I will do the best I can with the other nine. I have only missed with one." Like some men who try to keep all the commandments but one! I fire again, and miss the mark a second time. "Ah, but," I say, "I have got eight arrows still," and away goes another arrow—miss! I fire all the ten arrows and do not get one through the ring. Well, I was a "sinner" after the first miss, and I can only be a "sinner" after the tenth. Now Mr. Sankey comes with his ten arrows. He fires and gets his first arrow through. "Do you see that?" he says. "Well," I reply, "go on; don't boast until you get them all through." He takes the second arrow and gets that through. "Ha! do you see that?" "Don't boast," I repeat, "until all ten are through." If a man has not broken the law at all then he has got something to boast of! Away goes the third, and it goes through. Then another and another all right and another until nine are through. "Now," he says, "one more arrow, and I am not a sinner." He takes up the last arrow, his hand trembles a little; he just misses the mark. And he is a "sinner" as well as I am.

My friend have you never missed the mark? Have you not come short? I should like to see the man who never missed the mark. He never lived.

Let me give you just one more illustration. When Chicago was a small town, it was incorporated and made a city. When we got our charter for the city, there was one clause in the constitution that allowed the Mayor to appoint all the police. It worked very well when it was a small city; but when it had three or four hundred thousand inhabitants, it put too much power in the hands of one man. So our leading citizens got a new bill passed that took the power out of the hands of the Mayor, and put it into the hands of Commissioners appointed by government. There was one clause in the new law that no man should be a policeman who was not a certain height—5 feet 6 inches, let us say. When the Commissioners got into power, they advertised for men as candidates, and in the advertisement they stated that no man need apply who could not bring good credentials to recommend him. I remember going past the office one day, and there was a crowd of men waiting to get in. They quite

blocked up the side of the street, and they were comparing notes as to their chances of success. One said to another, "I have got a good letter of recommendation from the Mayor, and one from the supreme judge." Another said "I have a good letter from Senator So-and-so. I'm sure to get in." The two men come on together, and lay their letters down on the Commissioners' desk. "Well," say the officials, "you have certainly a good many letters, but we won't read them till we measure you." Ah! they forgot all about that. So the first man is measured, and he is only five feet. "No chance for you, sir. The law says the man must be 5 feet 6 inches, and you don't come up to the standard." The other says, "Well, my chance is a good deal better than his, I'm a good bit taller than he is," and he begins to measure himself by the other man. That is what people are always doing, measuring themselves by others. Measure yourselves by the law of God, or by the Son of God Himself; and if you do that, you will find you have come short. He goes up to the officers, and they measure him; 5 feet 5 inches and nine-tenths of an inch. "No good," they tell him; "you're not up to the standard." "But I'm only one-tenth of an inch short," he remonstrates. "It's no matter," they say; "there's no difference." He goes with the man who was five feet. One comes short six inches, and the other only one-tenth of an inch, but the law cannot be changed. And the law of God is that no man shall go into the kingdom of heaven with one sin on him. He that has broken the least law is guilty of all.

The Gospel Offers Salvation to Guilty Sinners

"Then, is there any hope for me?" you say. "What star is there to relieve the midnight darkness and gloom? What is to become of me? If all this is true, I am a poor lost soul. I have committed sin from my earliest childhood."

Thank God, my friends, this is just where the gospel comes in. "He was made sin for us who knew no sin." "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." "We all like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

You ask me what my hope is; it is that Christ died for my sins, in my stead, in my place, and therefore I can enter into life eternal. You ask Paul what his hope was. "Christ died for our sins according to the Scripture." This is the hope in which died all the glorious martyrs of old, in which all who have entered heaven's gate have found their only comfort. Take that doctrine of substitution out of the Bible, and my hope is lost. With the law, without Christ, we are all undone. The law we have broken, and it can only hang over our head the sharp sword of justice. Even if we could keep it from this moment, there remains the unforgotten past. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission."

There is a well-known story told of Napoleon the First's time. In one of the conscriptions, during one of his many wars, a man was balloted as a conscript who did not want to go, but he had a friend who offered to go in his place. His friend joined the regiment in his name, and was sent off to the war. By and by a battle came on, in which he was killed, and they buried him on the battle-field. Some time after the Emperor wanted more men, and by some mistake the first

man was balloted a second time. They went to take him, but he remonstrated. "You cannot take me." "Why not?" "I am dead," was the reply. "You are not dead; you are alive and well." "But I am dead," He said. "Why, man, you must be mad! Where did you die?" "At such a battle, and you left me buried on such a battle-field." "You talk like a madman," they cried; but the man stuck to his point that he had been dead and buried some months. "Look up your books," he said, "and see if it is not so." They looked, and found that he was right. They found the man's name entered as drafted, sent to the war, and marked off as killed. "Look here," they said, "you didn't die. You must have got someone to go for you. It must have been your substitute." "I know that," he said; "he died in my stead. You cannot touch me. I died in that man, and now I go free. The law has no claim against me." They would not recognize the doctrine of substitution, and the case was carried to the emperor, who said that the man was right, that he was dead and buried in the eyes of the law, and that France had no claim against him.

The story may be true, or may not, but one thing I know to be true, that the Emperor of heaven recognizes the doctrine of substitution. Christ died for me; that is my hope of eternal life. "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." If you ask me what you must do to share this blessing, I answer—go and deal personally with Christ about it. Take the sinner's place at the foot of the cross. Strip yourself of all your own righteousness, and put on Christ's. Wrap yourself up in His perfect robe, and receive Him by simple trust as your own Saviour. Thus you inherit the priceless treasures that Christ hath purchased with His blood. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." Yes, sons of (Continued on page 6)



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Is the Communion Essential to Salvation?

Dear Mr. Z:

You wrote me September 13, and I have been so busy I could not answer until now. Please forgive the delay.

You say: "I have a friend who says he is a fundamentalist, and is very sincere in his devotion to Christ. Recently we had a discussion on the subject of holy communion. As one who was brought up in the Lutheran Church, I feel that I receive the very body and blood of Christ when I receive holy communion. To my friend, communion is only a remembrance. Neither of us have been able to convince each other. He suggested that I write to someone more learned than he. We both agreed that you should be able to help us."

"He bases his belief on the fact that Christ said: 'Do this in remembrance of me.' I agree that it is a remembrance; but Christ also said, 'This is my body,' and, 'This is my blood.' Additional Scripture to support my belief is found in the Gospel of St. John, the 6th chapter, from verse 48 to the end of the chapter, with particular emphasis on verse 51."

To my mind you missed the point of the discussion of Jesus on the bread of life in John, chapter 6, because you begin with verse 48. If you should begin with verse 47, just before that, you will see that Jesus began the discussion by saying: "Verily, verily,

I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." One who personally trusts in Christ for salvation has everlasting life. This clear statement of John 6:47, repeated again and again in the Bible, as in John 1:12, John 3:15,16; John 3:18; John 3:36; John 5:24 and John 6:40. It is repeated in Acts 10:43; Acts 13:39; Acts 16:31. Here in eleven separate verses we have the explicit statement that one who depends upon Christ for salvation has everlasting life, or is saved, or justified.

Now if we take the words of Jesus in John 6:53 as referring to the communion, you have a different plan of salvation, by the communion supper instead of salvation by personal faith in Christ. For John 6:53 and 54 say: "Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day."

Now we must decide this question: is one saved by faith in Christ or by the rites and ceremonies of the church? If you say that one is saved by the communion supper, or that the communion is essential to salvation, then you could suppose that peo-

(Continued on page 8)

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"There is no Difference"

(Continued from page 5)

God: power to overcome the world; the flesh, and the devil; power to crucify every besetting sin, passion, lust; power to shout in triumph over every trouble and temptation of your life, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

I have been trying to tell you the old, old tale that men are sinners. I may be speaking to some one, perhaps, who thinks it a waste of time. "God knows I'm a sinner," he cries; "you don't need to prove it. Since I could speak, I've done nothing but break every law of earth and heaven." Well, my friend, I have good news for you. It is just as easy for God to save you who have broken the whole decalogue, as the man who has only broken one of the commandments. Both are dead—dead in sins. It is no matter how dead you are, or how long you have been dead; Christ can bring you to life just the same. There is no difference. When Christ met that poor widow coming out of Nain, following the body of her darling boy to the grave—he was just newly dead—His loving heart could not pass her; He stopped the funeral, and bade the dead arise. He was obeyed at once, and the mother was clasped once more in the living embrace of her son. And when Jesus stood by the grave of Lazarus, who had been dead four days, was it not just as easy for Him to say, "Lazarus, come forth"? Was it not as easy for Him to bring Lazarus from his tomb, who had been dead four days, as the son of the widow, who had been dead but one? Yes, it was just as easy; there was no difference. They were both alike dead, and Christ raised the one just as easily, and as willingly, and as lovingly as the other. And therefore, my friend, you need not complain that Christ cannot save you. Christ died for the *ungodly*, and if you turn to Him at this moment with an honest heart, and receive Him simply as Your Saviour and your God I have the authority of His Word for telling you that He will in *no wise cast you out*.

And you who have never felt the burden of your sin—you who think there is a great deal of difference—you who thank God that you are not as other men—be-ware! God has nothing to say to

the self-righteous. Unless you humble yourself before Him in the dust, and confess before Him your iniquities and sins, the gate of heaven, which is open only for *sinners saved by grace*, must be shut against you forever. (From the book, *Select Sermons*.)

My Decision for Christ

You have read D. L. Moody's great sermon; now let the editor urge you to decide for Christ today. If you are unconverted, then I beg you in Jesus' name to turn to Christ. Admit yourself a poor lost sinner! Trust Jesus Christ to save you today. Hell is waiting for unrepentant sinners. Delay is folly! Only wilful wickedness of heart would lead you to postpone salvation. I beg you today to turn to Christ with all your heart. Confess to Him that you are a sinner. Ask Him to forgive you and depend upon Him to do it. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37). So trust Jesus Christ and depend upon Him today. I suggest that you face this matter in your own heart now, that you repent of your sin and trust Christ this moment to save you. Then sign the decision form, copy it in a letter and mail it to me at once as a confession of faith in Christ. I will be so glad to hear. I will send you a letter of encouragement and counsel. So write today. I will be looking for the good news that you have found Christ as your Saviour. Copy this letter, mean it with all your heart, sign and mail it today.

Evangelist John R. Rice, Editor
THE SWORD OF THE LORD
214 West Wesley Street
Wheaton, Illinois

Dear Brother Rice:

I have read D. L. Moody's sermon, "There Is No Difference." I realize that the sermon is true. I have failed God. I am a poor, lost sinner. So here and now, with all my heart, I trust Christ to forgive me and save me. I risk Him to forgive all my sins and save my soul. By His grace I will set out to live for Him, and will claim Him openly as my Saviour.

Signed

Address

"Refuge Failed Me; No Man Cared For My Soul"

(Continued from page 1)

a debtor both to the Greeks and the Barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise. I must say like Paul, "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also" (Rom. 1:15), and to the whole world. Like Paul, I must say, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel! For if I do this thing willingly, I have a reward; but if against my will, a dispensation of the gospel is committed unto me" (1 Cor. 9:15,16).

I feel accountable to God for my own family, my children, my brothers and sisters, my grandchildren, my in-laws. I feel accountable to God for my neighbors. But I feel accountable to reach every person possible with the gospel. This is why I edit THE SWORD OF THE LORD without a cent of salary and at a cost of much labor and unceasing burden. This is why we set out to reach 75,000 paid subscriptions in a memorial campaign honoring the fiftieth anniversary of D. L. Moody's death. And we believe every reader ought to feel just the same as we do—a burden to get out the gospel to sinners, to give help to weak Christians, to stimulate preachers and to get the gospel to every creature. With THE SWORD OF THE LORD, with books, with radio, with the re-

vival campaigns, with great conferences, by heavy mail and by personal contacts, we labor to sow beside all waters, to be all things to all men that by all means we might win some. But I believe that every reader ought to feel the same kind of burden and ought to earnestly help. Surely every reader who possibly can should send in one subscription or two, or ten right away and so give additional help to this campaign to spread THE SWORD OF THE LORD. Will you do it?

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It is not a good indication of Christian character to let Christian duties slip by. Every Christian ought to have a regular habit of church attendance, habits of prayer and Bible reading. A Christian who is regularly late to church is not a dependable Christian. Just so, a Christian who does not have a conscience about renewing his subscription promptly needs to make a good resolution and set out to attend to his Christian duties and look after Christian responsibilities immediately. By all means do not sin against God and against your home by failing to renew your subscription.

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But you have a duty to others. Have you quit trying to get sinners saved? Have you quit trying to bless Christians? Anybody who sows will lose some seed, and every fisherman sometimes loses his bait. And so a few people might not appreciate THE SWORD OF THE LORD. But thousands of hungry-hearted people would read it with delight, many would be saved by its gospel messages, if loved ones would have it sent to them. This we know from literally thousands of letters which come to us praising God that some one sent them THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

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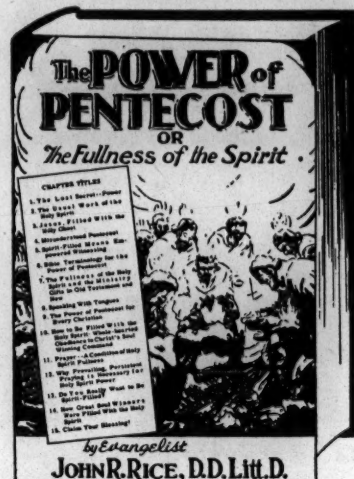
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The Incurable Cured

By Evangelist John R. Rice

"But as he went the people thronged him. And a woman having an issue of blood twelve years, which had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any, Came behind him, and touched the border of his garment: and immediately her issue of blood stanch'd. And Jesus said, Who touched me? When all denied, Peter and they that were with him said, Master, the multitude throng thee and press thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me? And Jesus said, Somebody hath touched me: for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me. And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before him, she declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him, and how she was healed immediately. And he said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace."—Luke 8:42-48.

This is a lovely story, and it so well illustrates how the dear Lord Jesus answers the prayer of faith, and particularly how He saves a poor lost soul, that I want you to listen to it carefully. Jesus is with a great crowd. He is going to the house of Jairus to heal a little girl, or to raise her from the dead, as we find a little later.

As He went the people thronged Him. A woman said, "Now is my chance. Now is my best chance! I'll just slip up through this crowd. Nobody will notice. I'll reach down and touch His garment. I do not believe I'll have to stop Him. I do not believe He will have to put His hands on my head. I do not believe He will have to do as He did when He made mud of the spittle and clay and put it on the blind man's eyes. I believe that if I will just touch the hem of His garment I will be well. Oh, this issue of blood these long twelve years! Oh, I've spent all my money and I am poor. I have tried all the doctors but they have not done me any good. Let me try Jesus now." So she came and touched the hem of His garment, and in a moment she was healed!

Sin Is Humanly Incurable

I want you to notice, first, that this woman had an incurable disease. She had already tried everything else, and nothing else would do.

Did you know that every sinner in the world has an incurable disease? We say, "Oh, why can't we stop the wars? Why can't we stop the race prejudice? Why can't we get over the childhood of the race and stop these wars?" I will tell you why. The real truth is that what is wrong with the human race is humanly incurable. All the schools, all the medicine, all the psychiatrists, all the training, all the indoctrination—everything we have in civilization has failed. We have all tried it to the bitter end. Do not tell me that we have not given education a fair chance and science a fair chance and government a fair chance. These things have not been able to fix what is wrong with the human race. I will tell you what is wrong with us all. It can be spelled with three letters: S-I-N. That is why there is war. That is why there is divorce. That is why there is crime. It is an incurable disease that is bred in the bone.

I was in Augusta, Georgia, and a fine Christian doctor, interested in soul winning, talked to me. He said, "The other day a little girl was brought to me. She had congenital syphilis. She had been afflicted with syphilis from her birth. Her eyes were matted with pus and her face showed the marks of the disease. It was a pitiful, pitiful case."

I thought what a pitiful thing it was for her to be infected from birth for a sinful thing for which she was not accountable. Oh, my friends, in some sense every one of us has a taint in our blood, because we are sinners by nature before we get to be sinners by choice. We are an incurably guilty race. And this woman had an incurable disease.

A man hears me and says, "I'm going to do better, Brother Rice. I'm going to turn over a new leaf." You need more than a new leaf, brother; you need a new heart. It is your heart that is bad. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" says the Bible in Jeremiah 17:9. Somebody says, "I'm going to reform.

"Yes, I know. But that will not be enough. You need not only to be reformed; you need to be reborn. You need to be fixed up inside, not just fixed up outside. Somebody says, 'Well, I'll try to quit drinking so much.' But, my friend, what you need is not just to quit this or that or the other thing. You need Jesus Christ to come with the miracle of regeneration and make you into a child of God, to make you instead of a child of wrath and a child of Hell into a child of God, to make you, instead of a condemned, unbelieving sinner, into a saint of God with his sins all forgiven and laid on Jesus Christ and blotted out forever. I say, you need to be reborn.

Alcoholics Anonymous is good in its way, but it will not change a black heart. Every drinking person needs to turn to Jesus Christ and trust in Him. So it is with all the reform measures and all the educational measures. What people need is to be born again. This woman had an incurable disease. And, humanly speaking, sin is always incurable. Only by coming to Jesus Christ can the sinner be made whole and the poor, wicked lost, ruined man, enslaved by sin, be made clean.

She Simply Came to Jesus

This woman came to Jesus. I hope you will come, too.

I want you to notice further that she had tried everything. (Some of you have, too). But she simply came up behind Him and touched the hem of His garment. Oh, how little it takes to get saved! Some people think it takes a lot of trying to get saved. Oh, it does not take a lot of trying. It just takes honestly settling it in your heart. Are you ready to repent of your sins and come to Jesus?

It is wonderful how many different words the Bible uses about the plan of salvation. In one place the Bible says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3:36). So it is trusting in Christ.

In another place the Lord Jesus said, "God has commanded all men every where to repent" (Acts 17:30). He said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). "Well," you say, "it is repentance one needs then." Yes, it is repentance.

In Romans 10:13 is a quotation of a passage from the Old Testament, "for whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." "So it is calling on Christ?" you say. Yes, you can call it that.

Jesus said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37). Is that another way to come to be saved? No, that is the same way! You see being saved is so simple. Whether you call it faith, or call it coming, or call it repenting, it does not matter. Just so you honestly turn to Jesus and want Him, you can have Him.

Wasn't it simple just to slip up and say, 'I'll just reach down and touch the hem of His coat. That is all it will take. I know Jesus will do it. Just one touch of Jesus Christ is enough.' And she touched the hem of His garment and was made whole in a minute. Isn't a

salvation like that wonderful?

Sometimes people say that we must come and then keep on mourning, crying, praying and begging God. This woman did not. The dying thief did not. The publican in the temple did not. The jailer in Acts, chapter 16, did not. Lydia did not. In the Bible when people wanted to be saved they just turned to Jesus. When they put their trust in Him, when they came to Him in their hearts, when they depended on Him, it was all settled. Wasn't that easy?

You remember Naaman the Syrian came to the house of Elijah. He said, "I know I have the leprosy but I am a high captain in the army. I am an important general." He said, "I sure thought Elijah would come out, clap his hands over the place and say, 'Hocus-pocus, presto chango' and some other strange words."

(Continued on page 8)

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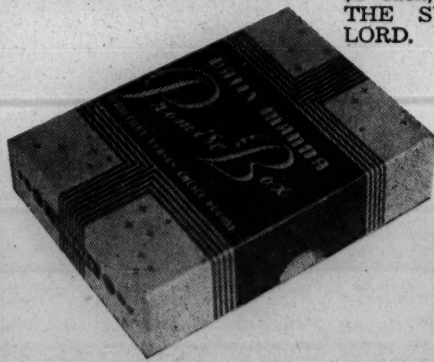
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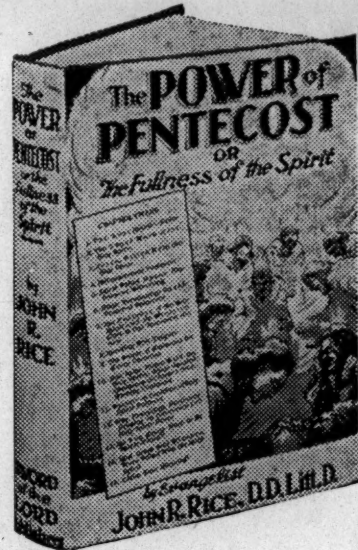


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The Incurable Cured

(Continued from page 7)

Instead of that Elijah had just said, "Gehazi, go and tell him to dip seven times in the Jordan River and go on home."

Naaman was angry and said, "The muddy Jordan River! If he won't pass his hands over me and utter any strange incantations or go through any ceremonies I'll go home to Damascus where I will have clean water to bathe in, cleaner than this muddy Jordan."

"No," his servant said, "you'd better try it."

So he went down, dipped seven times and came back clean, well, healed!

Listen, you needn't think that anybody has to say a lot of rigmarole. You need not think that it takes church membership or baptism. You need not think it takes mourning. Of course if you have sinned against God you ought to be ashamed. I am not surprised if the tears run down your face and your heart is penitent. But the heart that honestly, genuinely turns to Jesus Christ is saved that moment. If you have not done it, do it today! Oh, it is easy to be saved when you get to where you want to be saved. There is only one hard thing about getting saved, and that is wanting to. Anybody who wants to be saved, anybody who turns to Jesus Christ honestly, in the heart, can be saved.

This woman just touched the hem of His garment and she was saved.

If Jesus Saved You, Then He Wants You to Tell It

Here is another word: Jesus said, "Somebody touched me! Who touched me?"

The disciples said, "Well, don't you know, Jesus, everybody is plodding along here together. Somebody slung his arm and touched Your garment. With people crowding around here everybody touches You." Simon Peter was one of them. I have a great

deal of sympathy for Peter. He always talked first and then thought afterward, if necessary. He said, "You know everybody is touching You."

"No," Jesus said, "virtue is gone out of me. A miracle has happened." Do you think Jesus did not know who touched Him? Of course He knew! Well, why did He say that then? Because He wanted the woman to tell it. If Jesus has done anything for you,

you ought to tell it. If you have trusted Him and He has saved you, then tell it. I would tell somebody this very day. I would go on record. I would get up in a prayer meeting and say it. I would go down to the front when the invitation was given. I would go and talk to my friends and say, "I trusted Jesus. My sins are forgiven. Bless God, I love Him!" Why don't you take your stand today? I hope you will!

Will you today touch the hem of the garment of Jesus? Will you trust Him and be saved by faith today? Will you do it? If so, write and tell me so.

Is The Communion Essential To Salvation

(Continued from page 5)

ple were saved also by baptism, by saying prayers, by giving money, and other good deeds.

On the other hand, if we let John 6:47 explain the rest of the passage, we will simply say that one who trusts in Christ to be his Redeemer has therefore, in a spiritual sense, been made partaker of Christ's body and blood. He has the eternal life which Christ purchased with His broken body and His shed blood.

In fact, verse 35 of the same chapter shows, I think, that believing is eating the bread of life: "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

Jesus often referred to Himself in figures of speech. He said, "I am the light of the world," but that is a figure. He is not physical light, but spiritual light. He said, "I am the good shepherd." But He is figuratively our spiritual Shepherd, as we are His spiritual sheep. If you take this figure of speech, "I am the bread of life," in the same way, then you will understand that one in a spiritual sense partakes of the body and blood of Christ by trust-

ing Him for salvation and so having the atonement applied for us

Besides, if we are going to take the statement of Jesus literally when He said about the Lord's Supper, "This is my body" (Matt. 26:26), then the Catholics are right who say that the bread actually becomes the body of Christ and the wine actually becomes the blood. That I do not believe, of course.

In this connection it is important to remember that to have the body and blood of Jesus offered again as a sacrifice is wholly contrary to the doctrine taught in Hebrews 10:11-18. There we are told that Christ "offered one sacrifice for sins forever," and that "there is no more offering for sins."

One is saved by heart-faith in Christ, not by the communion, not by baptism, not by good works. The Lord Jesus does all the saving, without any merit on our part, and does it gladly and immediately when we put our trust in Him.

I trust this letter will help to settle your problem.

In the Saviour's name, yours,
John R. Rice

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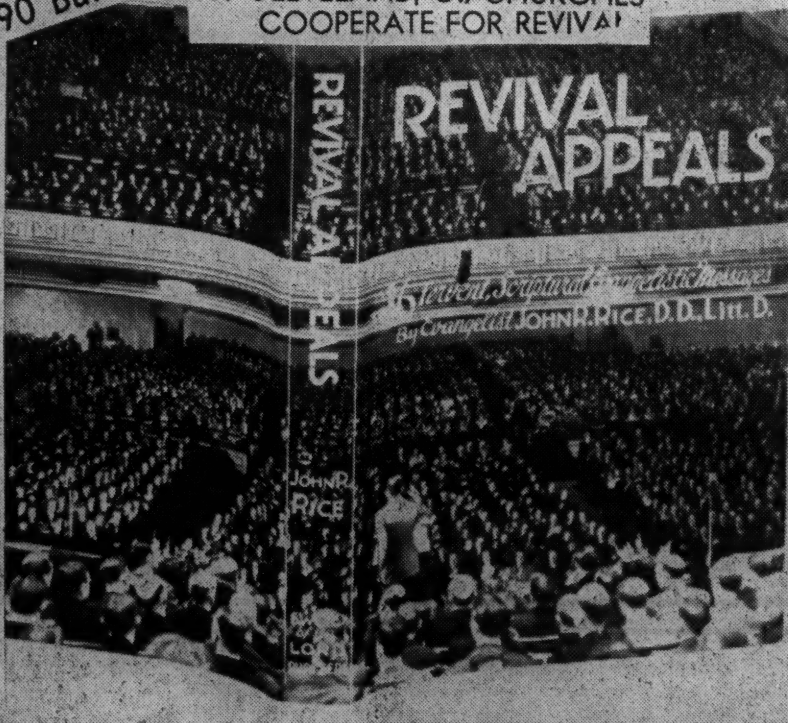
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